Orchard's where I'd ruther be-Orchard's where I'd ruther be—
Needn't fence it in for me—
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole world underneath—
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elibow room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus when they's company!

Jes' a sort o' lazein' there— S'lazy 'at you peek and peer Through the wavin' leaves above Like a fellar 'at in love And don't know it ner don't keer! And don't know it her don't kee Everything you hear and see Got some sort o' interest; May be find a bluebird a nest fucked up there conveniently for the boys 'ats apt to be Ip some other apple-tree! atch the swallers skootin' past out as peert as you could ast; at the Bobwhite raise and whiz Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below, And look up to find a crow; Er a hawk away up there, 'Pearantly froze in the air! Pearantly Froze in the arr!
Hearthe old hen squawk, and squat
Over every chick she's got
uddent like!—And she knows where
That air hawk is, we'll as you—
You jes' bet your life she do—
Eyes a gittern' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pec-wees' singin', to express
My opinion's second-class.
Yit you'll hear 'em, more or less;
Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them base-ball clothes o' his,
Sportin' round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises.
Sun out in the deids kin sizz.
But flat on your back, I guess,
In the shade's where glory is!
That's les' what I'd like to do n the shade's where giory is! That's jes' what I'd like to do Stiddy for a year or two.

Plague! of they aint sompin in agne; er they aint sompin in ork 'at kindo goes agrin My convictions:—long about Here in June especially!— Under some old apple tree, Jes' a restin' through and thro I could git along without Nothin' else at all to do Only jes' a wishin' you Was a sittin' there like me, And June wuz eternity! And June wuz eternity!

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be!—
Tumble round and souse your head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Your straw hat acrost your eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead
May be smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold, and white and blue!
Month a man can ra'lly love—
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

March ain't never nothin new!-April's altogether too Brash for me! and May—I jes'

Brash for me! and May—I jest
'Bominate its promises—
Little hints o' sunchine and
Green around the timber land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip birds, and a sprout er two—
Prap asieep, and it turns in
Foru daylight and snows agin!—
Brat when June comes—clear my throat
With wild hone?! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!

Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!—
June wants me, and I'm to spare! Whoop out loud; and throw my nat;
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll get down and wailer there,
And obiecyed to you at that!
mes Whilcomb Riley, in Indianapolis Jon

ONLY ONE KILLED.

On Whom the Blow Fell-"It's Better I Than Another."

ly knitting, with her spectacles, as usu. us going; and we're all run down and al, pushed high under her cap. She stopped together when he's gore, biding her; and then, in despair at his own the time till he comes back to right us." the time till he comes back to right us." cowardice in breaking the news to her, nove them from her eyes occasionally, hough whether the relief were to the had been told that it was a rest to rethough whether the relief were to the eyes or to the glasses she could not ex. and the train has come in without my actly remember; in either case, howey- hearing the whistle. I'll run down to er, she felt it her manifest duty to spare long now. Good-bye, Nursie. In five

It was a glorious summer afternoon, piest girl in all the world!" and from her wicker chair she looked out over a wide expanse of velvet lawn, she was off, dis laining the road and luxuriously shaded here and there with clumps of venerable trees, in whose branches the birds were holding high But Nurse Edwards did not hear the birds, for there was a cricket just under the ledge of the veranda. who had quite as much to say as they, and who had no one but her to say it to; nor did she need to look over the lawn for her sunlight, when a beam had permost sound in her world, like come purposely to seek her out, and was lying across her lap, like a long needle, tremulously waiting to be taken ap and fitted to some wooden. It is only discontented people work. It is only discontented people after for their pleasup and fitted to some wonderful golden who must search afar for their

she required close to her feei. Presently she put down her knitting, and sat stiffly a pright, with a look of recognition on her placid face, that took the place of a smile, and seemed to exist the place of a smile and the place press almost more of pleasure. She great, sharp cry. had caught the sound of coming foot-

woman, fondly, taking the young girl's stormy weeping, and would neither be hand and patting it affectionately, that the girl bars and would neither be will be upon me soon; and I don't need the strength to bear it, as them as has but brings ye here in such haste the lar old friend said.

than mirth. "I don't think I could my heart the moment the man spoke. At the word accident, I felt that Fred was dead, even before he said anything them. Nursie—" she suddenly stopped and kissed the faded cheek—"Fred is coming to-day, and I've run down to meet him. He'll be at the gate in half. "It was like a knile through my heart the moment the man spoke. At the word accident, I felt that Fred was dead, even before he said anything more. I tell you I know that it is he, as surely as if I saw him lying here before my eyes!"

"New your my next my dealing my heart the moment the man spoke. She got up unsteadily, still smiling that faint, wan smile, and stood a moment looking uncertainty about her, as if trying to find herself in this strange world she was lost in, and, suddenly, the chirp of the cricket smote her ear, like chirp of the cricket smote her ear,

clasping the girl to her breast and rocking back and forth with her as if she were a babe, so quickly does grief make
the rook wansered out over the lawn
and the rees beyond, and then seemed
to the rook ones on so some point furtherstill,
by death of the rook on the rook on the rook of the to the
burden. What should start ye beforehand to fear it?"

"Oh! don't you see?" Annie moaned.
"Don't you see? It is because I am so
happy that I dread.it. I am to happy.

I have never had a sorrow in all
my life. Not one. I have everything
I want. I have never had a sorrow in all
my life. Not one. I have everything
I want. I have never have been
wants no sweetheart.

Why dom't you see?" Annie moaned.

Why are looking to wait as some. The Lord
is full of love and merey. It's better I
have never had a sorrow?

And with that she turned and went
i

Annie, joyously. "And am I quite fine say, Nursie, dear? Will he say he never saw me look as nice before? "Ay, to be sure; that will he!" replied the old woman, fervently. Though it'll no be the ribbons he'll He'll say as my Jem says when mark. I put on my smart gown of a Sunday:
It's the face I mind, mother, and maught besides, he says. Ye look as well in the oldest gown ye wears, moth-

er,' he says." "I am afraid Jem is an arrant flatlaughed Annie. "You've posterer. itively grown conceited since you came to live with him. You had much better

have stayed on with us at the house, "Nay, there's nothing as could keep me from my Jem, now, Miss Annie, dear," answered the old woman, soberly. "He's the only one left me of all I had, and my heart is set on him. It's little I can do for him now I'm old, and my sight is ailing, and I'm no that quick I was on my feet; but it's all in the way of Nature, he says. Them as sows in the spring shall reap in the fall, and I'm to reap now, whilst he's to work at the sowing. A deal of trouble I've had in my day, but no finger's touch will he let anear me in my old age he says. Eh, but he's a good lad. May Heaven grant ye a son like him, Miss Annie, when ye've stepped down out of the spring time yerself."

"Yes, Jem's very good," assented nnie, carelessly. "Father says there Annie, carelessly. is not a place anywhere around so well kept as he keeps ours. Oh! hark! Isn't

She sprang to her feet, throwing back her head and listening eagerly, with bated breath, raising an imperious little hand to silence all other-It seemed as if, at this spoiled darling's and the leaves forbore their rustling, all come into the world somewhere by rea-was suddenly so still. Nurse Edwards son of it. It's so that some one must listened, too, but less intently, and the piazza ledge was the only sound she caught.
"Hey, what a noise he makes?"

said, admiringly, as Annie turoed back with a gesture of disappointment. it's them as is happiest sings loudest, you fellow has the best of us all." "Oh! will it never be five o'clock?" cried Annie, mindful only of her im-

patience. "This day has been a hundred days long already."
"Now don't ye be in haste with
Time, my dear," said the old woman,
reprovingly. "Ye'll not hurry it,
though ye fret it never so. We must just bide the time, my Jem says, and

all things'll come in turn-first life, then growth, then death. Things is best taken natural as they come. rose that ye force'll only be sooner done blowing.

o'clock!" "It'll be nigh upon it, sure, by the slant of the shadows," the old woman answered, peering out across the lawn. Ye can look at the sun-dial yonder, if

"Nonsense!" rejoined Annie, con-temptuously. "As if a stupid bit of wood and a rusty shadow kept any count of the time the train goes by. I'll look at the clock inside."

"Then ye may spare yerself the trouble, my dearie; for the hands stopped at five minutes to seven this morning, exactly as my Jem started out for the city; and five minutes to seven it'll be till my Jem gets home, which may be the night or the morrow. And I've been a-thinking all the day as I sat here how it's with me and with every-Old Nurse Edwards sat on the tiny porch of the gardener's lodge, tranquil- old clock inside. It's him that keeps

the gate and wait there. Fred can't be Did she understand? She felt a tremminutes more I shall be the very hap-And before she had finished speaking

making herself a pathless way across the lawn; laughing, dancing, bounding along with many a light spring and leap and merry twist, like a mountain brook too impetuous to run smoothly. The old nurse smiled indulgently, and, settling herself back in her chair, went contentedly on with her knitting, while the cricket again became the upmely accompaniment to the single music of her thoughts

Many more minutes than five went by uncounted, when, suddenly, from the direction of the gateway, Annie again came running, but not as she had run ures. Nurse Edwa ds found all that before. Very direct and straight she came. Her arms were outstretched as

-oh! so happy! I loved him so! Nurse, Nurse! I can't bear it!"

"Whist, whist, my bairnie! Don't ye go to think the Lord begrudges ye your happiness in the blessings Himself has give ye to enjoy. Don't ye go to misjudge Him so.'

"Oh! if He has taken Fred from me — if He has—I shall hate Him, I shall hate Him!" cried Annie, wildly, clenching her slender hands. "Oh! if God is so cruel, so pitiless as that, I will never love Him, never pray to Him again, never, while I live!"

"Annie, Annie! God help ye, ye don't know what ye are saying." ex-claime I the poor old woman, w.th tears dropping over her withered cheeks. "How dare ye call Him cruel. If He what right have ye even so to set your will against Him as made ye, and as works all things together for your good? My Jem says there's a reason in all the Lord's doings; it's only our eyes as is weak and don't always see plain. It's wicked of ye to talk so, Annie, and I couldn't a-bear it, only Jem says he is sure the Lord don' listen when we speak that we don't meau; and ye don't mean what ye are saying now. Why, ye've just said there's no blessing in the world as has been denied ye your life long, and yet now ye couldn't take one sorrow from lim even if He sent it ye!"
"Only not this one?" sobbed Annie, Him

her face hidden in the old woman's dress. "Only not this! I could bear anything else; but only not this!" "O, Annie! it's no for us to say what shall be of the Lord's sending.

perious What He sends, good or bad, that must sounds we take; and it's no for us to choose the what or the when. If one poor soul bidding, the very birds stopped singing. lies dead yonder, then there's sorrow listened, too, but less intently, and the chirping of the cricket beneath the will not, bear. Is others stronger than ye, then, that ye should be spared, and your pain put on them? What right your pain put on them? have ve. Annie, to claim to be spared, and take no part in the world's trouble: The very trees has storms sent them, and stands up against them whilst they can. So them that God sends this sorrow to the day, whoever they chance to be, must e'en submit their wills to it,

gracious Lord lighten it to the heart He fixes it upon." The old woman bowed her head rev erently as she spoke, and Annie looked up at her, half awed, though with cheeks still wet with rebellious tears. And just there, some one stooped over them and lifted the young girl to her The feet, sofily saying her name. Ah! what voice of all Lying could so say it save prosecuted by the feebler members of one? It was as if her lover had been the family, women and children, or "But I can't wait," the girl com-plained, childishly. "I always want things immediately, and I want five o'clock this minute. What time can it be, Nursie? Oh! do say its five of relief and rapture. Perhaps when souls first meet in Heaven they feel

and, as my Jem would say, may

somewhat as she felt in that moment. But the young man gently unclasped her clinging arms, and, holding her product is not perishable, like much of hands in one of his, went nearer the old the farm product, and the trees, ones nurse, and stood looking down at her

without speaking.
"Oh, Mr. Fred!" the old woman cried, catching his hand, while a look of such unselfish delight irradiated her wrinkled face as absolutely transfigured it. "The Lord be thanked that it is not ye who have been taken!'

"No, not I," Fred said slowly, while she, in the relief that seemed to set all her senses free again, heard the cricket chirp, and saw how the golden needle of light had slipped away from her lap, and felt it where it lay bright and warm across her foot. "Not I." he said, "but another." And there he paused again, finding speech difficult, and laid his hand on her shoulder as if to steady hand on her. Jem was on the train, too. It is her Jem who was killed."

The old nurse spoke never a word. bling: but she did not weep or moan or move by a hair's breadth; only sat with her hands dropped helplessly in her lap, looking unseeingly up at him who had brought the news. It seemed as if the silence could be felt. Annie had flung herself on her knees by the old wom-an's side again, and was covering the poor old hand with vain kisses and vainer tears. Her hear was full of an intolerable pity, that took almost the shape of self-reproach. What words of comfort could she dare to speak to one who was old, and weak, and poor, and helpless, and who had lost, not one gift out of many, but the one only blessing she had?

For a few moments the stricken woman sat there speechless, aging visi-bly before their eyes in the first awful shock of the bereavement. She was as if she had gone deaf and dumb and blind in an instant, or rather, s if, wth faculties all overstrained an l tense, she had been suddenly plunged into a sphere with which theirs had no communication. But after a time she roused herself with an effort, drawing a long breath, and moistening her dry

had caught the sound of coming footsteps—light, dancing, happy steps, that
could only belong to a child, or to one
who had not yet unlearned childish
gladness; and, truly enough, the slender
figure of a girl, still in her teens, soon
appeared around the corner, and in a
moment more had bounded breathlessly to her side.

"Eh, Miss Anna, dear," said the old
woman, fondly, taking the young girl's "what brings ye here in such haste the day?" commorted, nor listen to anything that her old friend said.

"Oh! I couldn't come slowly," Annie replied, with that little, inconsequent laugh, that indicates happiness rather than mirth. "I don't think I could walk to-day, if it were to save "It."

"I commorted, nor listen to anything that her old friend said.

"I tell you I knew it is he!" she cried, with an agony of conviction in her voice that almost carried certainty with it. "It was like a knife through with it. "It was like a knife through the day. Don't ye fret, dear. The Lord has laid His burden upon me; but His hand will be under when my old feet fail."

and kissed the raded cheek—"Fred is coming to-day, and I've run down to meet him. He'll be at the gate in half an hour. The train is due at five o'clock."

The old woman took the pretty face

as surely as h I saw min tyng to the chirp of the cricket smote her ear, like a familiar sound from the friendly old world of the pa-t, linking the then old world of the pa-t, linking the then and the now together. The consciousing back and forth with her as if she her look wancered out over the lawn

fered most are stronger to endure again, being the quickest to discern the hidden blessing in the sting, and the surest of making it their own? Who can tell? Life is full of prob-

lems more unanswerable than this.-Grace Denio Litchfie'd, in N. Y. Inde pendent.

SILK RAISING. How the Industry Prospers in This

Country. The silk industry, which has become so large an interest in this country, is purely a manufacturing one, getting its raw material altogether from abroad, duty free. The manufacturers do not expect much result from silk-raising bids ye let go your heart's dearest, in America, chiefly because they think silk can not be well reeled in this country at any satisfactory price. It is stated that girls in the French filatures earn only from one to one and a half francs (twenty to thirty cents) a day, and in those of Italy seventy-five cents) for fourteen hours' work, while equally skilled labor here should return nearly a dollar. Moreover, silk valued at four to five dollar per pound can be brought to New York from Japan at from three to eight cents per pound freight. The promising field for American silk-growing in America seems, therefore, to be restricted chiefly to that of a subsidiary industry for women and children, who would not otherwise be at work, and then under the disadvantage of "house reeling." Whether the production of cocoons, not for reeling, but for direct use by the growing industry of spun-silk manufacture, might prove profitable, is very ques-tionable in view of the low price (about seventy-five cents per pound) paid for

> Nevertheless, a "Women's Silk-Culture Association," one of the indirect results of the Centennial Exposition, exists in Philadelphia, with the purpose of promoting silk-culture as profitable work for women. This was organized, with "purely philanthropie" purpose, by Philadelphia ladies, headed by Mrs. John Lucas, in April, 1880; it has permanent offices at 1328 Chestnut street where reeling is taught, silk-worm eggs, mulberry trees and hand-reels sold, and books of instruction, which it publishes, supplied. Two silk exhibitions have been held, and the association boasts twelve auxiliaries in as many States, and has had, it states, over thirty thou sand correspondents. It is hoped ultimately to open a filature. Its prospectus, in presenting the claims of "America's new industry," says: "It can be prosecuted by the feebler members of aged persons, to whom the severer life is a burden, and the compensation is sure; for if our country is sending annually to foreign lands eighteen million dollars for raw silk, there is no reason why this amount of money can not be divided among our own American culturists. The crop or product is not perishable, like much of planted and grown, yield a perpetual supply of food for the silk-worms, care ing taken only in the annual picking of the leaves.

The production of sixty thousand pounds of cocoons was reported by cor respondents of the association in 1883. largely from southern New Jersey and from the South. - Harper's Magazine.

A MISTAKE.

Downing the Boss from Bossville-Ar

There is a saloon out on Grand River avenue which has long been the headquarters of the Boss from Bossville. Whatever he asserted in politics, religion, social science or finance had to be accepted as gospel, or he would mash the dissenter. He was a fighter and a hard hitter, and most of his victims came to their senses to softly inquire if the cyclone had left anybody else alive.

A pair of events happened to astonish the Boss and his cohorts. He was laying down the law on evolution, and just aching for some one to dispute him, when a stranger with venerable gray locks and venerable white whiskers came in for a glass of beer. He listened to the Boss for a moment, and then, to the horror of the select circle present, he boldly challenged the correctness of each and all the assertions.

"Stranger," said the Boss, as he rose up with an electric light of four hundred candle-power in each eye, "d'ye mean to dispute me?" "Sartin I do."

"Actually dispute?" "Yes."

"I won't jam you through the floor, I wor't!" said the Boss, in a voice which wobbled with emotion, "nor I won't send you home in the ambulance,

"Thank you!" interrupted the old

"But I'll head you for out-doors and give you a short ride on the toe of my boot to teach you manners."

With that he grabbed at the venerable whiskers with his right hand, and clutched the venerable gray locks with the other. Both pulled away, and as he stood holding them in his hands a thunderbolt dodged in on his nese. As he went down he had a dim consciousness that the house was falling in, and that the town of Bossville had been swept away by a tidal wave. The stranger worked away at him until tired out, and then drank his lager, picked up his disguise, and left the place with the remark:

"Some of you better tell him that he took an overdose of laughing-gas. It will sort o' let him down easy."

When the Boss finally opened his eyes to ask what had happened they tried the laughing gas dodge on him, but it was no go. He gathered his punched head and bruised body into a bundle and went out and sat down on the commons and slowly figured it all out by himself. The Boss had been downed. Bossism was played out. Detroit Free Press.

-A statement is credited to Supt. Brown, of the Zoological gardens in Phila elphia, that a man came to him Phila elphia, that a man came to him all the way from Nebraska to purchase a buffalo, the gardens containing a fine herd. The would-be purchaser, who proved unsuccessful in his mission, said it was a serious matter, adding: "I must get some kind of a buffalo to take back to Nebraska with me, for there is a whole tribe of Indians waiting to celabrate their national medicine dance ebrate their national medicine dance around him. There ain't a buffalo to be got in the West, and I have come east especially to get one."-I'hiladel-

-Plant plenty of seed in the garden. Do not be content with a small patch of vegetables and an insufficient supply, as the garden can be so managed as to afford an abundance for a large family—X X, For. HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Best seed has a faint tinge of pale green if new, but is a dull brown if old, and its vitality is very doubtful if old.

-A little saltpeter or carbonate of sods mixed with the water in which flowers are placed will keep them fresh for two weeks.—Cleveland Leader.

-Glass may be cut with suy hard tool, like a chisel, for instance, if kept constantly wet with camphor dissolved in spirits of turpentine. - Maine Farmer. For a good breakfast dish peel eight tomatoes and cook them in

ter, seasoning well. Have eight piece of fried bread larger than the tomatoes and put the fried tomatoes on them: then place a hard-boiled egg on each tomatoe and serve very hot.—Boston -Farmers who grow only a few. to

matoes in rich gardens do not generally know that this vegetable is more successfully grown in fields with moderate fertility. There is less exuberance of vine, but earlier and higher flavored fruit, with less tendency to rot .- N. Y. Hera'd. -Steamed Brown Bread: Two cups

of yellow corn meal and one pint of boiling water, pour the water over the meal and let it stand until cool, add one cup of rye flour, one cup of flour one cup of sour milk, two-thirds cup of New Orleans molasses and one teapoonful of soda; steam two and one half hours. - The Caterer.

-To dig up a fruit tree, by cutting : circle with a spade half a foot in diameter, cuts off more than nine-tenths of the roots; and to spade a little circle about a young tree not one quarter as far as the roots extend and call it cultivation is like Falstaff's men claiming spurs and shirt-collars for a complet suit. - Praire Farmer.

Rolls: Two quarts of flour, one pint of cold bo led milk, one-half cup of yeast, one-half cup of sugar, one table-spoonful of melted butter. Make a well in the middle of the flour, pour in all the above and let rise over night; knead and let rise until the middle of the afternoon; roll out, cut them about the edges, lap over, let rise again and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.-The Household.

-Cow's Milk for Infants: One ounc of pearl barley is to be well washed in cold water. Put it in a vessel with half a pint of water and let it heat gently and simmer for a few minutes over the fire; pour off this water, replace it by a pint and a half of water and boil i down to a pint. With this water dilute the cow's milk for infants, thereby rendering it more nutritious than if diluted with clear water. - Exchange.

-Grape-vine mildew, says the Gardeners' Monthly, can be prevented by soaking stakes on which the vines twine in a solution of blue vitriol. A recent experiment, where such stake were mixed with others not soaked throughout the vineyard, showed that in every case where not soaked all the leaves were entirely ruined, while those in the soaked stakes were healthy. A weaker solution of the vitriol was not so effective. The effect of the soaking gradually dies out, but will last from four to six years.

ABOUT DRESSES.

Practical Hints Concerning Attire and

Vests are now made so narrow that ribbon three inches wide will serve for a stylish vest. This begins at its natural width at the neck of the dress, and slopes to a point at the waist line, where it may stop, or else widen again below POTATOES—Peachblows.... to its greatest width. This vest is inlaid, and the dress waist may be but-toned down each side, with tiny buttons and holes, or else it may be made more dressy by passing under a revers on each side of velvet, which is three inches at its greatest width, and therefore may be made of velvet ribbon. Imagine, for instance, a dress of dark blue wool with a narrow vest of the striped canvas ribbon, ecra or blue in the center, and the side stripes of gilded and scarlet heraldic figures. Or if the dress is of black wool, the vest may be of moire ribbon, or of mohair with white galloon for both vest and revers, while for black surah, silk or grenadine beaded galloon with large beads will be used for the revers, and the vest may be of the dress material if it is too cost ly to have a beaded vest. Another less costly way is to have two or three rows of galloon alternating with bands of the material, forming a plastron that begins at the neck and stops at the top of the first dart; this has the effect of making the waist look fuller and shorter, while the narrow vest appears to lengthen it. The V-shaped piece for front and back is made of velvet, beaded grenadine, lace, etc. The simplest muslin dresses have a tucked V in back and front, while those more elaborate have the points set in of embroidery. The skirt is round in the house-maid fashion, and its only ornaments should be tucks two inches wide.

For elderly women useful dresses can be made of the mottled mohairs sold at twenty-five cents a yard; these are single width, and sixteen or eighteen yards are required. They should have rows of two inch tucks across the front extending just above the knee, and above these a wrinkled apron hemmed and stitched in rows; this is sewed to the belt of the foundation skirt, and the plaits on the side are then made fast. The back is plaited to the back of the belt in a very small space, and is plaited again lower down to form a puffed tournure, from whence it falls to the foot in plaits that meet in the middle; there are about five or six on each side. For young girls this mohair in fawn-color, or in changeable navy blue and brown, can be well made up in round tucked skirts and belted waists, or else worn with a jersey; trimmed with white braid they will rival the more costly blue, white or striped flannels for boating and mountain dresses .- Harper's Ba-

Watering Horses. Horses working in the field require

watering more than three times a day. When a horse plunges its head deep into the trough to drink, it is injuriously thirsty, and has been suffering. While the owner visits the water jug kept in the shade about once every hour, he scarcely ever thinks of his team, laboring in the dust and suffering from thirst. It is a good plan to carry a supply of water to the field for the horses on a light drag which is as easily taken as to drive the horses or lead them to the field in harness alone, and it would be field in harness alone, and it would be a grateful change to carry a bunch of fodder along, to give them a mouthful when they rest at times. Regularity in watering horses is a point which ought to be carefully observed, because they will worry, when thirsty, until relieved. Soft water for drinking purposes is preferable to hard water.—dmerious dericulturies.

"Crossest Man in Alabama."

"De crossest man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a way-side home, near Selma, Ala, to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at every one, found faust with every thing earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't it him, when incidental mention being made of the comes of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form, its call should have been fan shaped!"

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CRANEERRIES will cure dyspers.
That's sour opinion.—St. Paul Herald.

Pike's Toothache Dhors cure in 1 minute Glan's Sulphur Sosphenis and beautiles. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns a Buni

MAY-FEVER.

each year, from Augustich till frost, and have tried

we I have ever found.

ay-Fever suffesers ought

know of its efficacy.

RANK B. AINSWORTH, of

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as gained an enviable reptation wherever known have perfect the same particle is applied into each noterity no pain; agreeable to us rice Sc. by mail or at druggists. Send for circuits St. by HROTHELBS, Druggista, Gwego, N. Y.

Indigestion Cured.

depression attendant upon this terrible disease. At such falling to find relief in anything else, I commenced the use of Swift's Specific. The medicine toned up the atomach, attengthened the digrative organs, and about all that burning crassed, and I could retain food without difficulty. Now my health is good, and can eat anything in the shape of food, and digest it without difficulty. Take the prescribed dose after AMES MANN, No. 12 ty St.

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EDUCATIONAL

1858. THE NATIONAL NORMAL 1885

COLDIERS NEW LAWS: 04

of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form, its tail should have been fan shaped!"
But, next meaning, he appeared half-offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Bix weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear-complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

his wire, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How!" I asked in susprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband. Your friend when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it and two other bottles, and now."

"And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growling old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—Coprighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.

A stroll through an emigrant train at Pittsburgh revealed Russiaes eating blackbread sandwiches, evidently brought from the other side of the Atlantic; Germans regaling themselves with wheaten bread, rancid butter and smoked sausage, and Hungarians, shunned by their fellow travelers, devouring musty bread and limburger cheese of great age and proportionate strength.—Pillsburgh Post.

It Astunished the Public to bear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congressman to devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afhis true constituents were the sick and af-flicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, rough, heart-disease, fever and ague, inter-mittent fever, dropsy, neuralgia, goitre or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world-renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

A ROSE bush is thought to be exceedingly modest, but yet it wants the earth.—
Boston Transcript.

Mosquiross are free from one vice at least. They can't stand smoking.—Detroit Free Press.

"Say, why is excepthing Either at size; or at sevens?"

Probably, my deer nervous sister, be-cause you are suffering from some of the discases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R.V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price resuced to one dollar. By druggists.

THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, July 13. CATTLE—Shipping steers. \$4.10 f6.
Native cows. 2.75 f6.
Butchers' steers. 3.25 f6.
HOGS—Good to choice heavy 3.65 f6.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 74466.
No. 3 red. 66466.
No. 2 soft. 88 f6. No. 2 soft.

CORN-No. 2.

OATS-No. 2.

RYE-No. 2.

RYE-No. 2.

RYE-No. 2.

RYE-No. 2.

RYE-No. 2.

RYE-No. 2.

CHESE-Pall cressur.

CHESE-Pall cressur. FORK-Hem....

ST. LOUIS. CATTLE—Shipping Steers... Butchers' Steers... HOGS—Packing.... SHEEP—Fair to choice.... FLOUR—Choice.... WHEAT—No. 2 red. CORN—No. 2. OATS—No. 2. BYE—No. 2. BARLEY BUTTER—Creamery.

COTTON-Middling .. COTTON—Middling
CHICAGO.
CATTLE—Good to choice...
HOGS—Packing and shipping
SHEEP—Fair to choice.
FLOUR—Winter wheat
WHEAT—No. 2 red
No. 3...
No. 2 spring NEW YORK. CATTLE-Exports.
HOGS-Good to choice.
SHEEP-Common to good...
FLOUR-Good to choice...
WHEAT-No. 2 red.
CORN-No. 2.
QATS-Western mixed.
PORK

PETROLEUM-United.....

UNIVERSITY Entire expense #2.200
Over 2D Department taland. All profess vided for. Legal Biplomas confer Tenchers and Bookkeepers, tra-been helped to Good Situation.

If You are Driven Wild

With itching, take the advice of a friend, (though he calls you aside at an evening party to give it), and rid yourself of the trouble by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few weeks since I was attacked with

a severe and distressing form of Eczema. The eruptions aprend very generally over my body, causing an intense itching and burning sensation, especially at night. With great faith in the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I commenced taking it, and, after having used less than two bottles of this medicine, am entirely cured. — Henry K. Beardsley, of the Hope "Nine," West Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. B. W. Ball, the well known journal-

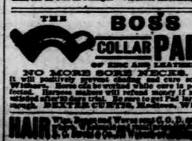
fst, writes from Bochester, N. H.:

Having suffered severely, for some time, with Eczema, and failing to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has effected a complete cure. I consider this medicine a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Proposed by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Bold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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